THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 28, 1801.

FORESTER, A PRINTER.

[From Moral Tales, by Miſs Edgeworth.]

(*Continued from Page* 474.)

ABOUT this time another fortunate coincidence happened in Foreſter's education. One evening, his friend, Tom Random, who was printing a pamphlet, came with a party of his companions, into Mr. ——, the bookſeller's ſhop, enraged at the deciſion of a prize in a literary ſociety, to which they belonged.

All the young partizans, who ſurrounded Mr. Random, loudly declared, that he had been treated with the moſt flagrant injuſtice, and the author himſelf was too angry, to affect any modeſty upon the occaſion.

"Would you believe it," ſaid he to Foreſter, "my eſſay has not been thought worthy of the prize!—The medal has been given to the moſt wretched, tame, common-place performance, you ever ſaw. Every thing in this world is done by corruption, by party, by ſecret influence!"

At every pauſe, the irritated author wiped his forehead, and Foreſter ſympathized in his feelings.

In the midſt of the author's exclamations, a meſſenger came with the manuſcript of the prize eſſay, and with the orders of the ſociety to have a certain number of copies printed off with all poſſible expedition.

Random ſnatched up the manuſcript; and with all the fury of criticiſm, began to read ſome of the paſſages which he diſliked, aloud.

Though it was marred in the reading, Foreſter could not agree with his angry friend in condemning the performance. It appeared to him excellent writing, and excellent ſenſe.

" Print it—print it, then, as faſt as you can—that is your buſineſs—that's what you are paid for. Every one for himſelf," cried Random, inſolently throwing the manuſcript to Foreſter; and as he flung out of the ſhop, with his companions, he added, with a contemptuous laugh, " A printer's devil ſetting up for a critic! He may be a capital judge of pica and roman, perhaps; but let not the compoſitor go beyond his ſtick."

" Is this the man," ſaid Foreſter, " whom I have heard ſo eloquent in the praiſe of candour and liberality? Is this the man, who talks of univerſal toleration, and freedom of opinion, and who yet cannot bear, that any one ſhould differ from him in criticizing a ſentence? Is this the man, who would have equality amongſt all his fellow-creatures, and who calls a compoſitor a printer's devil! Is this the man, who cants about the pre-eminence of mind, and the perfections of intellect, who takes advantage of his rank, of his ſupporters, of the cry of his partizans, to bear down the voice of reaſon?—'Let not the compoſitor go beyond his compoſing ſtick.'—'And why not? why ſhould not he be a judge of writing?" At this reflection, Foreſter eagerly took up the manuſcript, which had been flung at his feet. All his indignant feelings inſtantly changed into delightful exultation—he ſaw the hand—he read the name of Henry Campbell. The title of the manuſcript was, " An Eſſay on the beſt Methods of reforming Abuſes." This was the ſubject propoſed by the ſociety; and Henry had written upon the queſtion with ſo much moderation, and yet with ſuch unequivocal deciſion, and had ſhown himſelf the friend of rational liberty, that all the members of the ſociety, who were not borne away by their prejudices, were unanimous in their preference of this performance.

Random's declamation only inflamed the minds of his own partizans. Good judges of writing exclaimed, as they read it —" This is all very fine, but what would this man be at? His violence hurts the cauſe he wiſhes to ſupport."

Foreſter read Henry Campbell's eſſay with all the avidity of friendſhip; he read it again and again—his generous ſoul was incapable of envy, and whilſt he admired, he was convinced by the force of reaſon.

His maſter deſired, that he would ſet about the eſſay early in the morning; but his eagerneſs for his friend Henry's fame was ſuch, that he ſat up above half the night, hard at work at it. He was indefatigable the next day at the buſineſs; and, as all hands were employed on the eſſay, it was finiſhed that evening.

Foreſter

Foreſter rubbed his hands with delight, when he had ſet the name of Henry Campbell in the title-page—But an inſtant afterward he ſighed bitterly.

" I am only a printer," ſaid he to himſelf. " Theſe juſt arguments, theſe noble ideas, will inſtruct and charm hundreds of my fellow-creatures; no one will ever aſk—' Who ſet the types?"

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Tom Random and two of his partizans: he was extremely diſpleaſed to find, that the printers had not been going on with his pamphlet; his perſonal diſappointments ſeemed to increaſe the acrimony of his zeal for the public good—he declaimed upon politics—upon the neceſſity for the immediate publication of his ſentiments, for the ſalvation of the ſtate. His action was ſuited to his words—violent and blind to conſequences, with one ſudden kick, deſigned to expreſs his contempt for the oppoſite party, this political Alnaſchar unfortunately overturned the form, which contained the types for the newſpaper of the next day, which was juſt going to the preſs, a newſpaper in which he had written ſplendid paragraphs.

Foreſter, happily for his philoſophy, recollected the account, which Franklin, in his hiſtory of his own life, gives of the patience with which he once bore a ſimilar accident. The printers, with ſecret imprecations againſt oratory, or at leaſt againſt thoſe orators, who think that action is every thing, ſet to work again, to repair the miſchief.

Curious Particulars reſpecting the Emperor Paul and his Challenge.

THE following intereſting circumſtances relative to the extraordinary challenge of the ſovereigns of Europe, inſerted in the Peterſburgh Gazette, by order of the late Emperor Paul, are given in the ſecond part of Kotzebue's Moſt remarkable Year of his Life:

Count Von der Pahlen had ſent for M. Kotzebue to come to him—" When I came to the count, (ſays he) he ſaid to me, laughing, the emperor will have a challenge to a tournament, addreſſed to all the ſovereigns of Europe, and their miniſters. I muſt write it, and it is then to be publiſhed in the gazette. Baron Thugut is particularly challenged to break a lance: and General Kutuſoff and myſelf are to be named as ſeconds to the emperor (the thoughts of the ſeconds had ſuggeſted itſelf to the emperor about half an hour before; and he immediately wrote it down with a black-lead pencil, which lay on the count's table). This extraordinary production is to be ready in an hour,

and the emperor has ordered that I ſhall carry it to him in perſon.

" I undertook to write it; and in an hour's time brought the challenge. The count, who was better acquainted with the ſentiments of the monarch than I, thought it not ſarcaſtic enough;—I therefore ſat down in his cloſet, and wrote a ſecond, which he liked better. We then went together to court. I was now, for the firſt time, to ſtand before the man who, by his ſeverity and benefits, had been to me the cauſe of ſo much terror and joy, grief and gratitude. I had not wiſhed for this honour, and feared it could not but prove injurious to me, as I could ſcarcely ſuppoſe that the ſight of me could be very agreeable to him.

" We waited a conſiderable time in the ante-chamber. The emperor was gone to take a ride, but at length he returned. Count Pahlen went to him with my paper, ſtaid with him ſome time, and then came back, with an air of diſappointment, ſaying to me, as he paſſed me, only theſe words—' Come to me again at two o'clock—it muſt be ſtronger.'

" I returned home, convinced, as I thought, that I ſhould not in this way gain the favour of the monarch; but ſcarcely had I been half an hour in my chamber, when one of the attendants of the court came to me, almoſt breathleſs, to order me to come inſtantly to the emperor. I made all the haſte I could.

" When I entered the cloſet I found only Count Pahlen with him. The emperor was ſtanding at a writing-deſk, and when he ſaw me advanced to meet me, and with a ſlight bow ſaid, and, in a manner inexpreſſibly gracious—' M. Von Kotzebue, I muſt begin by being reconciled to you.'

" I was much confuſed by this unexpected reception. What a magic power is there in the condeſcenſion of princes! All rancour immediately vaniſhed from my heart. As the etiquette required, I attempted to kneel and kiſs his hand; but he prevented me in the kindeſt manner, kiſſed me on the forehead, and proceeded as follows, in very good German:

" You are ſufficiently acquainted with the world to be *au fait* to political affairs. I have often, (ſaid he, jokingly) been fooliſh enough, and to puniſh myſelf for it, as it is but juſt I ſhould be puniſhed, I have reſolved that this—(holding the paper in his hand)—ſhall be inſerted in the Hamburgh Gazette."

" On this he took me confidentially by the arm, led me to the window, and read to me the challenge, which was in French, in his own hand-writing. When he came to the concluſion where it is ſaid—' We know not what credit is to be given to this report; though it appears not to be without foundation, ſince it bears the ſtamp of what he has been often accuſed of'—*(Dont il a ſouvent ete taxé)*; he laughed very heartily, and I too laughed obſequiouſly.

" Why

"Why do you laugh?" (faid he, twice repeating the words very quick, and laughing himſelf all the time).

"To find your Majeſty ſo well informed," (anſwered I.)

"There, there (faid he, handing me the paper), go and tranſlate it. Keep the original, but bring me a copy."

"I accordingly went, and tranſlated it. The laſt word, *taxé*, ſomewhat perplexed me. Should I put accuſed *(beſchuldigt)* the expreſſion might appear too harſh, and offend the emperor. After much thinking, I choſe a middle way, and tranſlated it—'of what he has often been thought capable.'

"At two in the afternoon I went again to court. Count Kutuſoff announced me to the emperor. I was immediately admitted, and found him this time quite alone.

"Sit down," ſaid he to me, very friendly; but, from reſpect, I did not immediately obey—"No, no, ſit down," (repeated he with ſome earneſtneſs.) I then took a ſeat, and placed myſelf oppoſite to him at the writing deſk.

"He took the French original in his hand:—Read to me, (ſaid he.) I read ſlowly, and ſometimes glanced my eye over the paper towards him. At the words—"incloſed barriers"—he laughed. With reſpect to the reſt, he ſeveral times gave a gracious nod of approbation, till I came to the laſt word.

"Thought capable?" (ſaid he) "No, that is not the right word; charged *(taxirt)* would be better." I took the liberty to inform him that this word in German had quite another meaning from what it has in French.—"Very well," ſaid he, "but the other is not the proper expreſſion."

"I now adventured to aſk, in a low tone, whether accuſed *(beſchuldigt)* would be a proper word?"

"Right, right (ſaid he), that is the word," repeating it three or four times: and I wrote it by his direction. He thanked me in the moſt friendly manner, for the trouble I had taken, and diſmiſſed me—much affected and pleaſed with his kind and condeſcending behaviour. Whoever has approached his perſon will agree with me, that he could be extremely engaging, and that it was difficult, nay almoſt impoſſible to withſtand him.

"I have not thought it ſuperfluous to relate this tranſaction with ſo many minute circumſtances, ſince the challenge made ſo much noiſe in the world, when, two days afterwards, to the aſtoniſhment of all Peterſburgh, it appeared in the Court Gazette.

"The preſident of the Academy of Sciences, to whom it was ſent for inſertion, could not believe his eyes. He carried it himſelf to Count Vonder Pahlen, to be certain that no trick was played him. At Moſcow the gazette was ſtopped, as no perſon could believe that the article was inſerted with the conſent of the monarch. The ſame was done at Riga. The emperor himſelf, on the other hand, could ſcarcely wait till it was printed,

and

and ſent ſeveral times for it before it was ready, with the utmoſt impatience.

"Three days afterwards, he ſent me a ſnuff-box ſet with diamonds, worth nearly 2000 roubles. Never was a verbal tranſlation of twenty lines better paid for."

The Speech of Richard Clark, Eſq. Chamberlain of the City of London, to Sir William Sidney Smith, on preſenting him with the Freedom of that City and a valuable Sword, together with Sir Sidney's Anſwer.

THE corporation of London, anxious of exhibiting a proof of their admiration of the gallant achievements of Sir Sidney Smith, at the ſiege of Acre, reſolved to beſtow upon him the freedom of their ancient city, and to accompany it with the preſent of a valuable ſword.

On Thurſday, December 17, 1801, the naval hero attended at Guildhall, in order to be inveſted with the civic privileges of which he had been deemed worthy, and to receive the ſymbol of valour he had ſo juſtly merited.

The lord mayor, the chamberlain, and ſeveral of the aldermen, were ready to receive him. He made his appearance between one and two, and was uſhered into the chamberlain's office. The lord mayor received him with the utmoſt courteſy, and introduced him to Mr. James Dixon, the gentleman who had done himſelf the honour of moving the thanks of the Court of Common Council in his favour. The chamberlain then addreſſed this diſtinguiſhed officer in the following terms:

"SIR SIDNEY SMITH,

"I give you joy, in the name of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the city of London, in Common Council aſſembled, and preſent you the thanks of the court, for your gallant and ſucceſsful defence of St. Jean d'Acre, againſt the deſperate attack of the French army under the command of General Bonaparte: and as a further teſtimony of the ſenſe the court entertains of your great diſplay of valour on that occaſion, I have the honour to preſent you this ſword *(Sir Sidney received the ſword, and preſſed it with fervour to his lips)*. I will not, Sir, attempt a panegyrick upon an action to which the firſt oratorial powers in the moſt eloquent aſſemblies have been confeſſed unequal; but I cannot help exulting on this happy occaſion, at the vaſt acquiſition of national reputation acquired by your conduct at the head of a handful of Britons, in repulſing him who has been *juſtly* ſtiled the Alexander of the day, ſurrounded by a hoſt of conquerors till then deemed invincible. By this ſplendid achievement you fruſtrated the deſigns of the

foe on our Eaſt India territories, prevented the overthrow of the Ottoman power in Aſia, the downfall of its throne in Europe, and prepared the way for that treaty of peace, which it is devoutly to be wiſhed may long preſerve the tranquillity of the univerſe, and promote friendſhip and good will among all nations. It muſt be highly gratifying to every lover of his country that this event ſhould have happened on the very ſpot where a gallant Engliſh monarch formerly diſplayed ſuch prodigies of valour, that a celebrated hiſtorian, recording his actions, ſtruck with the ſtupendous inſtances of proweſs diſplayed by that heroic prince, ſuddenly exclaimed, "Am I writing hiſtory or romance!" Had, Sir, that hiſtorian ſurvived, to have witneſſed what has recently happened at St. Jean d'Acre, he would have exultingly reſigned his doubts, and generouſly confeſſed that actions, no leſs extraordinary than thoſe performed by the gallant Cœur de Lion, have been achieved by Sir Sidney Smith." —[*This ſpeech was followed by univerſal acclamations.*]

Sir Sidney Smith thus replied:

"SIR,

"Unconſcious that I ſhould have been thought worthy of being addreſſed by you, on the part of the city of London, in terms of ſuch high and unqualified approbation, I am but ill prepared for replying in a manner adequately to expreſs the ſentiments with which I am impreſſed. My confidence would be leſſened, did I not feel that I was ſurrounded by friends, who are dear to me, and whoſe approbation I am proud to have received. It ſhall be the object of my future life to merit the panegyric you have been pleaſed to pronounce in my favour. For the freedom of your city, with which you have honoured me, I return you my ſincere thanks, and ſhall implicitly conform to all the obligations annexed to it. Above all, I accept this ſword as the moſt honourable reward which could have been conferred on me. In peace it will be my proudeſt ornament; and in war, I truſt I ſhall be ever ready to draw it in defence of my country, and for the protection of the city of London."—[*Loud applauſe.*]

Sir Sidney Smith then took the uſual civic oaths: and having made a liberal donation to the poor's box, departed amidſt the acclamations of the populace.

Cruel Inſtance of Injuſtice in the Egyptian Government.

AN entertaining writer, who has lately publiſhed an account of his travels and reſidence in Egypt, (Mr. Antes), gives the following account of the *bleſſings* of the government of beys. He fell into the hands of Oſman Bey, in the neighbourhood

hood of Cairo, while he was amuſing himſelf with his fowling-piece, and actually underwent the baſtinado on reſiſting the extortions of this deſpot and his guards. Of this event he gives the following account:—

"In about half an hour the bey arrived with all his men, and lighted flambeaux before him; he alighted, went up ſtairs into a room, ſat down in a corner, and all his people placed themſelves in a circle round him. This done, I was ſent for, my chain was taken off, and I led up by two fellows. On the way up, I heard the inſtrument uſed for the baſtinado rattle, and knew from that what I had to expect. Upon entering, I found a ſmall neat Perſian carpet ſpread for me, which was, in fact, a piece of civility, for the common people, when about to receive the baſtinado, are thrown on the ground.

The bey aſked me, who I was? *Anſwer.* "An Engliſhman." *Queſtion.* "What is your buſineſs?" *Anſwer.* "I live by what God ſends," (an uſual Arabian phraſe.) He then ſaid, "throw him down:" when I aſked what I had done. "How, you dog," anſwered he, "dare you aſk what you have done? Throw him down."

The ſervant then threw me upon my belly, the uſual poſition upon ſuch occaſions, that when the legs are raiſed up, the ſoles of the feet may be horizontal. They then brought a ſtrong ſtaff about ſix feet long, with a piece of an iron chain fixed to it with both ends: this chain they throw round both feet above the ancles, and then twiſt them together, and two fellows on each ſide, provided with what they call a corbage, hold up the ſoles of the feet by means of the ſtick, and ſo wait for their maſter's orders.

When they had placed me in this poſition, an officer came and whiſpered into my ear, "Do not ſuffer yourſelf to be beaten; give him a thouſand dollars, and he will let you go." I reflected, that ſhould I now offer any thing, he would probably ſend one of his men with me to receive it; that then I ſhould be obliged to open my ſtrong cheſt, in which I kept not only my own, but a great deal of money belonging to others, which I had in truſt, having received it in payment for goods ſold for other merchants. The whole of this would, in all probability, have been taken away at the ſame time; and as I could not think of involving others in my misfortunes, I ſaid, "*maſiſh!*" that is *no money!* upon which he immediately ordered them to begin, which they did, at firſt, however, moderately. But I at once gave myſelf up for loſt, well knowing that my life only depended upon the caprice of a brute in human ſhape: and having heard and ſeen ſo many examples of unrelenting cruelty, I could not expect to fare better than others had done before me.

I had, therefore, nothing left but to caſt myſelf upon the mercy of God, commending my ſoul to him; and indeed I muſt

in gratitude confeſs, that I experienced his ſupport moſt powerfully; ſo that all fear of death was taken from me, and if I could have bought my life for one halfpenny, I ſhould, I believe, have heſitated to accept the offer.

After they had continued beating me for ſome time, the officer thinking, probably, I might by this time have become more tractable, again whiſpered into my ear the word "money;" but now the ſum was doubled. I preſently anſwered "*maſiſh!*" They then laid on me more roughly, and every ſtroke felt like the application of a red-hot poker.

At laſt the ſame officer, thinking that though I had no money, I might have ſome fine goods, whiſpered again ſomething to that effect. As I knew that elegant Engliſh fire-arms will often take their fancy, even more than money, and happened to have a neat blunderbuſs, richly mounted in ſilver, value about 20l. I offered him that, as I could have got at it without opening my ſtrong cheſt.

When the bey obſerved me talking with the officer, he aſked him what I had ſaid; the officer lifting up his finger, anſwered with a ſneer, "*bir corabina!*" that is, one blunderbuſs. Upon which the bey ſaid, "*ettrup il kelp!*" that is, beat the dog. Now they began to lay on with all their might. At firſt the pain was excruciating, but after ſome time my feeling grew numb, and it was like beating a bag of wool: when at laſt he ſaw that no money was offered, he began to think that I might be poor; and as I had, however, done nothing to deſerve puniſhment, he at laſt ſaid, "*ſaibu!*" that is, let him go. Upon which they looſened my feet; I was obliged to walk down again into my priſon, and the chain was again put about my neck.

DESCRIPTION *of the* CHACE *in* IRELAND.

[From Holmes's Tour in Ireland.]

WE propoſe leaving Killarny to-morrow morning, and ſhall direct our courſe towards Cork; I, however, cannot quit it without ſpeaking of the novelties of the chace, which here is enjoyed in a manner peculiar to the ſpot. The echoes cauſed by this ſport reverberate the ſounds in a manner not to be believed by any but thoſe who have heard them; the duration of a ſingle ſound being near a minute, and yet the repercuſſions are innumerable, and the variety inconceivable. The deer are rouſed from the deep woods which ſkirt the lake by hunters uſed to the ſport on foot, as horſes are uſeleſs, not being able to make their way through the bottoms, nor riſe the ſteep declivities. The hills are lined with hardy peaſants, who encounter the moſt imminent danger and extreme fatigue to aſſiſt

and enjoy the chace; while on the lake are ſcattered numerous boats, full of anxious ſpectators. The animal darting from its covert, makes towards the ſoft lawns, which ſometimes verge upon the lake; and bounding along the ſhore, he is hotly purſued by his long-tongued enemies, whoſe various notes, and the cheering ſhouts of the men along the hills, joined with the ſounding horns through the woods and on the lake, cauſe one continued roll of harmonic thunder among the hills and hanging foreſts.

He now looks upwards, and panting ſeeks the rocky eminence, but in vain; his lofty antlers, before his pride, are now, alas, his ruin!—He preſſes on, plunging in entangled boughs and thickets, which cruelly retard his progreſs, till glancing backwards, he ſees his open-mouthed enemies gaining on his heels, then downwards again he bounds and gains the ſhore; but here he is aſſailed by the loud ſhouts and horns, of the enjoying ſpectators in their crowded boats. He heſitates—once more looks upward; but the hills are inſurmountable, and his favourite ſhades now oppoſe his flight and refuſe him ſhelter. A moment longer he ſtops—looks back:—the roarings of the dogs are in his ears—their eager mouths ſend forth the cry of death as they gain upon his lagging ſteps—the big tears ſtart from his diſtracted eyes, which are fixed in ardent gaze upon the lake, his laſt and ſad retreat—Suddenly, in deſperation, he plunges from the bank, and gives his ample breaſt unto the wave. But, alas; his fate is fixed—he gains but a few minutes reſpite—the ſhouting boatmen ſurround the victim—he is dragged with ropes into their boat—and, with peals of exultation, that thunder through the woods, he is brought to land.

Thus ſnatching his life from the cruel pack, he, fainting, yields it to relentleſs man.

Intereſting ANECDOTE *of* CHARLES *the* SECOND.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

AS the following anecdote contains a remarkable circumſtance, belonging to the Engliſh hiſtory, if you think it worthy a place in your Entertainer, it is at your ſervice. It may be neceſſary to inform you, that it is a tranſcript from the handwriting of the famous Mr. Lockhart, author of the Memoirs of Scotland; and that the original manuſcript was inſerted in a blank leaf of a volume of Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory of the Rebellion, to which author the introduction to the ſtory particularly refers.

It is very ſtrange, that among ſo many dangers, to which King Charles II. was expoſed, and from which he was ſurpriſingly

priſingly and miraculouſly delivered, neither this (Lord Clarendon) nor any other author I have met with, takes the leaſt notice of one of a very extraordinary nature, which happened to him in Holland, and which was as follows.

The king, when at Bruſſels, being deſirous and reſolved to ſee his ſiſter the Princeſs of Orange, but withal under a neceſſity to make the journey with the utmoſt ſecrecy, did communicate his deſign to no perſon whatſoever. He ordered —— Fleming (a ſervant of the Earl of Wigton), who was in his ſervice, and of whoſe fidelity he neither then nor after did doubt, ſecretly to provide a couple of good horſes, and have them ready at a certain place and time of the next enſuing night, by his majeſty appointed: that Fleming, with theſe horſes, ſhould remain alone till he heard from the king.

At the time appointed, the king (having gone to bed, and afterward dreſſed himſelf, and privately gone out of a back-door, and leaving only a letter to ſome of his ſervants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from them for a few days, and with directions to keep his abſence as ſecret as poſſible under pretence of being indiſpoſed) came to the place: there he found Fleming, with the horſes, as he had directed. He then acquainted Fleming of his deſign of going to the Hague; and not regarding the hazards he might be expoſed to, away he went with this ſlender equipage and attendance, travelling through the moſt ſecret by-ways, and contriving it ſo that he came to the Hague, by ſix in the morning, and alighted at a ſcrub inn in a remote part of the town, where he was confident none would know him under the diſguiſe he was then in. He immediately ſent Fleming to acquaint his ſiſter where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the way and manner of his having acceſs to her, ſo as not to be known.

Fleming having diſpatched his commiſſion in a very ſhort time (leſs than an hour), was no ſooner returned to the king (finding him in the room where he left him, and where he had been ſtill alone) than an unknown perſon came and aſked the landlord, if two Frenchmen had not alighted at his houſe that morning? The landlord replied, that indeed two men had come, but of what country he knew not. The ſtranger deſired him to tell them he wanted to ſpeak to them; which he having done, the king was much ſurpriſed, but withal inclined to ſee the perſon. Fleming oppoſed it, but the king being poſitive, the perſon was introduced, being an old reverend-like man, with a long beard, and ordinary grey clothes; who looking and ſpeaking to the king, told him, he was the perſon he wanted to ſpeak to, and that all alone, on matters of importance. The king believing it might perhaps be a return from his ſiſter, or being curious to know the reſult of ſuch an adventure, deſired Fleming to withdraw; which he refuſed, till the king, taking him

aſide, told him there could be no hazard from ſuch an old man, for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire.

They were no ſooner alone, than the ſtranger bolted the door (which brought the king to think on what might or would happen), and at the ſame time falling upon his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial maſk, and diſcovered himſelf to be Mr. Downing (afterward well known by the name of Sir George, and ambaſſador from the king to the ſtates, after his reſtoration), then envoy or ambaſſador from Cromwell to the ſtates, being the ſon of one Downing, an independent miniſter, who attended ſome of the parliament-men, who were once ſent to Scotland, to treat with the Scots to join againſt the king, and who was a very active virulent enemy to the royal family, as appears from this hiſtory (Lord Clarendon's.)

The king you may eaſily imagine was not a little ſurpriſed at the diſcovery. But Downing gave him no time for reflection, having immediately ſpoke to him in the following manner: that he humbly begged his majeſty's pardon for any ſhare or part he had acted during the rebellion againſt his royal intereſt: and aſſured him, that though he was juſt now in the ſervice of the uſurper, he wiſhed his majeſty as well as any of his ſubjects; and would, when an occaſion offered, venture all for his ſervice; and was hopeful, what he was to ſay, would convince his majeſty of his ſincerity; but before he mentioned the cauſe of his coming to him, he muſt inſiſt that his majeſty would ſolemnly promiſe to him not to mention what had happened, and what he was to ſay, to Fleming, or any other perſon whatſoever, until it pleaſed God his majeſty was reſtored to his crowns, when he ſhould not have reaſon to deſire it concealed; though even then he muſt likewiſe have his majeſty's promiſe, never to aſk or expect he ſhould diſcover how or when he came to know of his being there.

The king having ſolemnly engaged in the terms required, Downing proceeded, and told, that his maſter the uſurper, being now at peace with the Dutch, and the ſtates ſo dependant and obſequious to him, that they refuſed nothing he required, had with the greateſt ſecreſy, in order to make it more effectual, entered into a treaty, by which, among other trifling matters agreed t *hinc inde*, the chief and indeed main end of the negociation was, that the ſtates ſtood engaged to ſeize and deliver up to the uſurper, the perſon of his majeſty, if ſo be at any time he ſhould happen, by chance or deſign, to come into their territories, when required thereto by any in his name;—and that this treaty having been ſigned by the ſtates, was ſent to London, from whence it had returned but yeſterday morning, and totally finiſhed yeſternight between him and a private committee of the ſtates.

He

He repreſented his maſter's intelligence to be ſo good, that a diſcovery would be made even to himſelf (Downing) of his majeſty's being there; and if he neglected to apply to have him ſeized, his maſter would reſent it to the higheſt, which would infallibly coſt him his head, and deprive his majeſty of a faithful ſervant. And being deſirous to prevent the miſerable conſequences of what would follow, if his being here was diſcovered, he reſolved to communicate the danger he was in, and for fear of a future diſcovery he had diſguiſed himſelf, being reſolved to truſt no perſon with the ſecret.

He then propoſed that his majeſty would immediately mount his horſe, and make all the diſpatch imaginable out of the ſtate's territories: that he himſelf would return home, and under pretence of ſickneſs, lie longer in bed than uſual; and that when he thought his majeſty was ſo far off, as to be out of danger to be overtaken, he would go to the ſtates, and acquaint them that he underſtood his majeſty was in town, and require his being ſeized in the terms of the treaty. That he knew they would comply, and ſend to the place directed; but on finding that his majeſty was gone off ſo far as to be ſafe, he would propoſe to make no farther noiſe about it, leſt it ſhould diſcover the treaty, and prevent his majeſty's afterward falling into their hands. The king immediately followed his advice, and he returning home, every thing was acted and happened, as he propoſed and foretold.

The king having thus eſcaped this imminent danger, moſt religiouſly performed what he had promiſed, never mentioning any part of this ſtory, till after his reſtoration, and not then deſiring to know how Downing's intelligence came (which he never diſcovered), though he (the king) often ſaid it was a myſtery, for no perſon knew of his deſign till he was on horſeback, and that he could not think Fleming went and diſcovered him to Downing. Beſides, he ſo ſoon returned from his ſiſter, he could not have time, Downing having come much about the time Fleming returned.

I have heard this ſtory told by ſeveral, who frequented King Charles's court after the reſtoration; particularly by the Earl of Cromartie, who ſaid, that next year after the reſtoration, he, with the Duke of Rothes, and ſeveral other Scotch quality, being one night with the king over a bottle, they all complained of an impertinent ſpeech Downing had made in parliament, reflecting on the Scotch nation, which they thought his majeſty ought to reſent ſo as to diſcard him from court, and withdraw his favour from him.

The king replied, he did not approve what he ſaid, and would reprove him for it; but to go further he could not well do, becauſe of this ſtory, which he reported in the terms here narrated, and which made ſuch an impreſſion on all preſent, that they freely

freely forgave what had paſſed, and Rothes aſked liberty to begin his health in a bumper.

Account of the late Settlement on the Iſle of Sable, on the Coaſt of Nova Scotia.

THE following article has been communicated by the commander of one of his majeſty's packets, and may prove of the utmoſt conſequence to thoſe who navigate that part of the American coaſt.

Many valuable ſhips have been loſt on that iſland, in the thick fogs that ſurround it at certain ſeaſons of the year; and, what is ſtill more lamentable, moſt of the crews have periſhed for want of that aſſiſtance which the liberality and humanity of the government of Nova Scotia has now provided for thoſe who may be ſo unfortunate as to be ſhipwrecked on it:—

"HALIFAX, October 24.

"In conſequence of a ſum of money granted during the laſt ſeſſion of the aſſembly of this province, his Excellency Sir John Wentworth, Bart. found himſelf enabled to attempt eſtabliſhing a ſettlement on this inhoſpitable and much-dreaded iſland; and Mr. James Morris, of Beach-hill, on the Windſor-road, (a very ingenious and enterpriſing man) having been induced to accept propoſals which were made to him, a ſchooner was chartered to carry the neceſſary materials to the place pointed out for his reſidence.

"On Tueſday the 6th inſtant, his majeſty's armed brig Earl Moira, commanded by Jones Fawſon, Eſq. ſailed for the iſland, having under her convoy the above-mentioned ſchooner, laden with building materials, proviſions, &c. and having on board three cows, a bull, a horſe, a ram, with eight ſheep, ſeveral goats, pigs, and other ſmall ſtock, a twelve-pounder carronade, ſix muſkets, with plenty of ammunition, and a light well-built whale-boat.

"In the Earl Moira went paſſengers, Mr. Morris, his wife, two apprentices, and two able men, engaged as ſettlers: another man, engaged likewiſe, went in the ſchooner.

"Contrary winds, and the neceſſity of carrying an eaſy ſail for the preſervation of the cattle, prevented them from arriving at the iſland until the 10th inſtant.

"On the 11th, in the morning, an officer and twelve men were ſent from the Earl Moira, to aſſiſt in hauling up the lumber, and other things, which were rafted on ſhore:—The ſheep, alſo, were landed; but a freſh breeze ſpringing up at N. W. it was found impracticable to land the cattle with ſafety.

" On the 12th, the weather being moderate, the cattle were carried on ſhore; and on the 13th, the proviſions, and other articles, were all landed in good order.

" Having completed this arduous and dangerous ſervice, in a manner infinitely more eaſy and expeditious than could have been expected from the advanced ſeaſon, and other inconveniences, Captain Fawſon ſailed from the iſland on the 14th inſt. leaving the whole of the adventurers, (ſeven in number) in good health and ſpirits, to encounter the fatigues incident to their ſituation.

" After encountering a heavy gale of wind, on Thurſday the 15th, off Canſo, the Earl Moira arrived here on the Saturday evening following.

" While on the iſland, a large ſhip, which Captain Fawſon ſuppoſed to be the Lord Macartney, obſerving the people on ſhore, ſtood cloſe in with the land; doubtleſs, with the humane intention of relieving thoſe whom they had reaſon to ſuppoſe were poor ſhipwrecked mariners: but deſcrying the brig and ſchooner at anchor on the oppoſite ſide of the iſland, the ſhip made ſail, and ſtood off from the ſhore.

" Captain Fawſon found one man on the iſland, of the name of King, with a wife and five children, who had been there for ſome months paſt.

" On the iſland is a narrow pond, nearly fifteen miles in length, and navigable for a veſſel of nine feet draft of water. This pond is ſaid to contain great numbers of lobſters, and other ſhell-fiſh, beſides eels, flounders, perch, &c. and, in the ſeaſon, to be frequented by blue-winged ducks, and other wild fowl, in abundance. The upland of the iſland is covered with a kind of a ſedge-graſs, and an immenſe quantity of wild peaſe; and it is thought, that roots and vegetables, of almoſt every ſort, might be raiſed there with much eaſe.

" The north-weſt and north-eaſt bars give the iſland ſomewhat the form of a creſcent; the centre of which riſes to a conſiderable height, and may be ſeen in a clear day at the diſtance of ſome leagues.

" The part inhabited by Mr. Morris and his company, has, we are told, the advantage of very excellent freſh water.

" King, who was found on the iſland, declared, that he had ſeen upwards of ſeventy wild horſes in one drove.

" Upon the whole, there can be little doubt but that Mr. Morris, who, as we have obſerved before, is a man perfectly adapted to the taſk before him, will ſoon find his ſituation comfortable, and even pleaſant, ſhould the government of Great Britain think proper to ſecond the very laudable and humane efforts of this infant province, in ſupporting an eſtabliſhment which, we hope, may long do honour to the inhabitants of Nova Scotia."

We

We have been favoured with the following arrangements of flags, and other regulations which Mr. Morris has been directed to adopt, until ſomething more permanent and effectual can be eſtabliſhed:—

"There will be two flag ſtaffs erected on the iſland, one on the higheſt ground at the eaſt-end, and the other at the weſt-end.

"The flag at the eaſt-end is blue, ſtationary, and will be viſited every week, if the weather permits: it has a ſmall box nailed to the ſtaff, containing directions where a boat may be found, and at what part of the iſland they may find the preſent ſettlement.

"The flag that is hoiſted on the high ground at the weſt end of the iſland has three horizontal ſtripes, viz. blue, white, and blue; and will be hoiſted as circumſtances may require; the cannon will be fired when neceſſary, and a good look-out kept. From this ſtation a view of the N. W. is perfectly diſtinct."

REMARKS *on the* SENSATIONS *of* INFANCY.

THE pleaſurables ſenſations produced in early infancy by gaudy colours, by light, and ſound, is intended, by the wiſdom and goodneſs of Providence, as a ſource of happineſs and improvementt. And here it is worthy of remark, that as each of the amiable paſſions of our nature—love, hope, gratitude, and joy—has a tendency to produce the benevolent affections; while, hatred, revenge, &c. have all a tendency to produce malevolence; a ſchool of virtue is opened by nature in the boſom of creation. For are not the firſt feelings of the mind thoſe of pleaſure? While the objects that inſpire delight are liberally ſcattered on every ſide. The helpneſſneſs of infancy naturally inſpires that compaſſionate tenderneſs, which, by its emphatic expreſſions, awakes the infant heart to ſympathetic affection, while gratitude diſpoſes it to joy. Thus love, joy, gratitude, complacency, all unite in opening the heart to the impreſſions of virtue.

This is the view we ought to take of the intentions of nature (or rather of nature's God) in forming the infant mind ſuſceptible of pleaſure from the objects of ſight and ſound, before the mental faculties have begun to open. And to this we may add another and important end; it was the deſign of nature by theſe means (and nature is never ſuperfluous in means) to accompliſh: by this pleaſing ſenſation, the mind is called to an examination of ſenſible objects, and where unthinking folly does not counteract the wiſe deſign by its fond and fooliſh interference, the rudiments of knowledge and experience are thus acquired.

On VANITY *and* HAUGHTINESS.

VANITY and haughtineſs are different, though they ſpring from the ſame ſource. The one is at moſt but a folly, while the other may be conſtrued into a vice. The ſallies of the former will excite only a ſmile, where the exertions of the latter will wound ſenſibility. Vanity is an involuntary giddineſs of the mind, which every one has not firmneſs ſufficient to guard againſt; haughtineſs is an inſolent effort of that vanity, which ripens into action. Vanity will allow another his due; haughtineſs is ſolely occupied in erecting its ownconſequence on the ruins of others.

That pride is an indication of a narrow ſoul, is confirmed by the ſame argument that has been uſed on the ſubject of revenge. Thoſe minds which Juvenal has noticed, as moſt addicted to the latter paſſion, and which he calls *little minds*, are likewiſe moſt prone to pride; where the judgement is weak, the affections of the mind are ſtrong. The weakeſt eyes are moſt dazzled by the ſplendour of the ſun.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE Princeſs of Heſſe Darmſtadt introduced her three daughters to the Empreſs Maria-Thereſa, in order that her imperial majeſty might chooſe a conſort for the grand duke; the empreſs queen immediately reſolved that the ſecond ſhould be the archducheſs. The Princeſs of Heſſe took leave to aſk, why her majeſty had given her the preference? Maria-Thereſa thus replied: "I examined them all attentively from my window, as they were alighting from their carriage; the eldeſt ſlipped out, the ſecond came out in a graceful manner, and the third leaped out of the coach." The fact is, the eldeſt was an awkward girl, and the youngeſt had ſomething of the ſoldier in her deportment.

A QUESTION, *by Curioſus.*

IT is reported by travellers, that the greateſt Egyptian pyramids, at certain ſeaſons of the year, caſt no ſhadow: The truth whereof may be confirmed by aſtronomical obſervations. In order to which, ſuppoſe that the perpendicular height of the greateſt of the ſaid pyramids is 481 feet, and each ſide of its ſquare baſe (facing the four cardinal points) 693 feet, and that it ſtands in 29° 40′ N. Lat. From hence it is propoſed to find the day when it firſt appears without a ſhadow; and alſo how long it is poſſible to continue without a ſhadow, at one time, when days are at the longeſt.

Anſwer, by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter, to E. Tapley's Rebus, inſerted October 12.

PARNELL's the author, much renown'd,
Whoſe works with moral worth are crown'd.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Mann, of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by A. L. of Poole, to the Enigma inſerted October 12.

THE aſſaſſin's friend it is the DEVIL,
His head cut off, his offspring's EVIL;
Reverſe my name, be not deceiv'd,
For your forefathers once have LIVED.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Towniog, of the Five-head Volonteers; W. Strong, J. Squance, W. Harris, jun. and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; Valencourt, of Kenn; J. Guppy, jun. of Chard; Scholaſticus, of South Molton; George Coulman, of Broadhempton; and Robert Maffett, of Saltaſh.

☞ Several correſpondents inform us that the enigma here anſwered is a borrowed one. We hope this mean attempt at impoſition will not be repeated.

Anſwer, by Delia, to J. Taylor's Enigma, inſerted October 26.

THO' e'er ſo clean, ſo ſpruce, or ſmart,
Without the RAZOR's valu'd art,
Strephon a ſlovén muſt appear
From day to day, and year to year.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. H. near Bridport; A. L. and G. Baker, of Poole; Scholaſticus, of South Molton; J. Guppy, jun. and H. Trenchard, jun. of Chard; W. Strong, J. Squance, S. Murch, H. Humphreys, W. Harris, and J. Hill, of Exeter; and R. Maffet, of Saltaſh.

A REBUS, *by E. Penney, of Exeter, late of Aſhburton.*

FOR my firſt take a nick-nack,
That's oft vended by the quack;
But I think it will be better,
By omitting the laſt letter.
In Somerſet's a market town,
Name it, my ſecond then is found:
Ingenious youths! now join the ſame,
A well-known fiſh you then will name.

An ENIGMA, *by W. England, of Dorcheſter.*

YE bards of renown, whoſe ſkill ſhines with glory,
Hear the tale of a crooked old ſubject before ye;
Who humbly will ſtrive, without any deception,
To give you a ſketch, Sirs, of my odd deſcription.
A faithful defender, my owners oft find me,
Particularly thoſe who keep always behind me.
Exalted on high, I retain my old ſtation,
Tho' ſometimes I'm found with the ſcum of the nation.
I'm found to reſide with the peaſant and 'ſquire,
And am a diviſion betwixt air and fire.
Tho' mute, yet I ſometimes keep up ſuch a roaring,
That would wake drowſy mortals if in bed they were ſnoring.
Much more could I add, but here my confeſſion
Muſt end, or I ſurely commit a tranſgreſſion.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SOLEMN REFLECTIONS, *written in a ſleepleſs Night.*

HAIL lovely orb! fair goddeſs of the night!
Whoſe modeſt beam diſpels the lurid gloom;
And ſpreads a languid tint of miſty light
Around the ſcenes of nature's ſlumbering bloom.

O charming hours! unknown, alas! to thoſe
Who trace the lines of giddy faſhion's maze;
Who ſeek from conſcious guilt a ſhort repoſe,
And ſhine at balls, or lounge at midnight plays.

Turn me, ye pow'rs above! my boſom turn
From life's deluſive ſcenes, to where the yew
Bends o'er the humble grave, or ſculptur'd urn,
Beſpangled o'er with heaven's enlivening dew.

O GRAVE! thou name to melancholy dear,
Dear to the ſoul that thinks and feels as mine;
Around thy lowly cell, unknown to fear,
With hope's expreſſive ſighs I oft recline.

But whilſt I meditate on ſcenes around,
And trace the regions of the mouldering dead,
Behold the midnight bell, with quiv'ring ſound,
Proclaims a fleeting hour for ever fled.

O! I have bade my ſportive fancies play,
And form vain ſcenes, falſe hopes of joy beſtow;
But fate has torn thoſe tranſient hopes away,
And plung'd my ſoul in complicated woe.

INFELIX EDWIN.

LINES *on the* HAPPY EVENT *of* PEACE.

AUSPICIOUS æra! dire contentions ceaſe,
And longing nations hear the voice of peace;
Peace, like ſome guardian angel, waves her hand,
To heal the woes of many a diſtant land;
Checks war's rude rage, and rapine's headlong train,
Where crimſon ſtreams have delug'd all the plain;
Where vales have echo'd with deſponding cries,
The plaints of widows, and the virgin's ſighs;
O'er peaceful homes, where hoſtile flames have ſpread,
Whence infant trains, and trembling age, have fled.
The bliſsful change all Europe's ſons muſt own,
From the low cottage to the ſceptred throne;
The bliſsful change ſhall ev'ry mind employ,
And ev'ry muſe record the raptur'd joy.

In this great work, Britannia juſtly draws
From ev'ry tongue the meed of loud applauſe;

Firm

Firm in her friendſhips, generous in each aim,
No luſt of conqueſt blaſts her laurell'd fame;
Sublimer motives call'd her to the field—
Nations inſulted, or oppreſs'd, to ſhield:
For this ſhe led her heroes to the plain,
For this ſhe pour'd her thunders on the main;
In friendſhip's cauſe ſhe drew her conqu'ring ſword,
By guilt untarniſh'd, to its ſheath reſtor'd.

Unſullied, then, thy deeds, O! Britain, ſhine,
Whilſt mad ambition's baneful views decline;
Which, graſping lawleſs, and unbounded pow'r,
Glar'd like the fiery meteor of an hour;
O'er peaceful lands ſpread terror and affright,
Then quickly fading, ſhot to endleſs night.

Britons elate! with conſcious pride attend
To thoſe, whoſe valour gain'd the glorious end;
To thoſe who firmly prompt, when glory call'd,
At death, at danger, never ſtood appall'd;
By ſultry climes, by martial toils untir'd,
Whoſe gallant labours e'en their foes admir'd:
Let theſe your care, your fond reſpect engage,
Record their merit in the letter'd page;
Let columns grav'd, their patriot virtue ſhew,
For them, let ſtatues riſe, and marbles glow;
Enrol their proweſs in hiſtoric lore,
From Nile's fam'd ſtreams to Albion's happy ſhore.

Britons, forget not here your yeomen trains,
The guard and glory of your native plains;
In danger's hour, whoſe ardent zeal ſhone forth,
And ſtamp'd their fame, their patriotic worth;
Dauntleſs prepar'd internal broils to quell,
Or raſh invaſion's daring views repel.
Guarded by them, your cloud-capt tow'rs remain,
The throne, the cottage, and the ſolemn fane;
Guarded by them, your rights and freedom ſtand
Safe from a foreign, or a factious hand:
To them his thanks, a gen'rous monarch pays,
Then, with your ſovereign's, blend your warmeſt praiſe.

WILLIAM FERNYHOUGH, *A. B.*

Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordſhire, November 10, 1801.

END OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

[Goadby, Lerpiniere, and Langdon, Sherborne.]

INDEX

TO THE

THIRTY-EIGHTH VOLUME

OF THE

Weekly Entertainer.

A.

ABERCROMBIE, Sir Ralph, affecting account of his death, 493.
Addington, Mr. remarks on his adminiſtration, 323.
Agnano and Averno, deſcription of thoſe lakes, 11.
Aleppo, funeral cuſtoms at, 155.
Alexandria, French account of the ſupplies ſent there, 92.
American northern Indians, deſcription of their cuſtoms, manners, &c. 13.
America, remarks on ſome remnants of antiquity there, 151.
Anagrams, 198, 438. Anſwers to, 398.
Andrews, Mr. account of that celebrated billiard player, 294.
Anecdote of M. de Lully, 27. of the eſcape of two ſoldiers condemned to die, ibid. of Queen Elizabeth, 35. of Mr. Proger, 57. of Lieut. Dugald Campbell, 97. of Mr. Powell and Mr. Proger, 121. of Dr. Samuel Johnſon, 137. of Thomſon and Quin, 177. of George I. 217. of an ancient and expeditious method of conveying intelligence, 257. reſpecting ſchoolmaſters, 297. of Thomas Earl of Kildare, 317. of General Suwarrow, 321. of the loſs of the Luxemburgh galley, 377. of Lord G—— and M'Kintair, a famous robber, 417. of the brave and humane Lieutenant Morrell, 498. of Charles II. 510. of the Empreſs Maria Thereſa, 517.
Anecdotes of the late Mr. Giles Huſſey, of Marnhull, 21. of the late Mr. Ward, a General in the French ſervice, 61. of Mr. Croſſthwaite, with ſome account of his muſeum, 274. ſporting ones, 295. of the city of Peterſburg, 341.
Angelo, character of Michael, 169.
Arabian tower, viſit to the, 256.

B.

Benevolence, on, 377, 435.
Benſon, Biſhop, inſcription on his monument, 237.
Biſſet, account of Mr. S. famous for teaching docility to dumb animals, 305.
Bonaparte, portrait of, by Mercier, 69.
Bon mot, 97.
Bricks, curious ancient, 336.
Britiſh troops, Mr. Baldwin's deſcription of their landing in Egypt, 465.
Brooke, Dr. his letter on the high prices of proviſion, 281.
Burns, letter from the late Robert, to Mrs. Dunlop, 56.

C.

Calmucs, remarks on their manners and cuſtoms, 483.
Cape hare, deſcription of the, 455.

Captain,

Captain, the little, remarkable for his valour and generosity, 41, 63.
Case, extraordinary, 156.
Catacombs of Sakkara, view of, 277.
Catania, account of the museums of, 55.
Catastrophe, account of a dreadful one in Paris, 235.
Ceylon, description of, 346.
Chace, in Ireland, Mr. Holmes's description of the, 509.
Charades, 38, 58, 98, 118, 138, 158, 198, 218, 238, 258, 278, 358, 378, 398, 418, 438, 458, 478, 498. Answers to, 18, 38, 98, 118, 138, 158, 198, 238, 258, 278, 298, 338, 358, 418, 438, 458, 478, 498.
Cheta, description of the, 351.
Clark, R. Esq. his speech on presenting Sir W. Smith with the freedom of London and a sword, together with Sir Sydney's answer, 506.
Clerical shepherd, a, 177.
Coalbrook Dale, account of a dreadful storm there, 251.
Common recoveries, Mr. Barrington's remarks on, 456.
Conscience, letter from that neglected personage, 126.
Constantinople, general view of, 91.
Controversial writer, the last will and testament of an eminent one, 186.
Conversation, on, 457.
Coote, short account of General, 157.
Corn, inquiry whether the late scarcity of was real or artificial, 252.
Correspondence, curious method of, 337.
Country, on the love of our country, and the supposed superiority of the republican form of government, by Dr. Blair, 51.
Cox, Tom, the sailor, 207.
Coxcombs, instructions for, 270.
Crimes, observations on, 476.
Cunning, observations on, 416.

D.

Dancing, on the origin of, 148.
Dimsdale, memoirs of Baron, 130.
Dissipation and pleasure, thoughts on a life of, 36.
Dunstan, superstitious tale about St. 497.

E.

Egypt, abstract of the principal events which have occurred there for the last three years, 230.
Egyptian government, curious instance of cruelty in the, 507.
Egyptians, Mr. Ledyard's observations on the, 101.
England, confession of William, executed for seducing two soldiers from their allegiance, 277.
English sheep, wool, and woollens, Dr. Brooke's remarks on, 412.
Engrosser, the, his confession and apology, 487.
Enigmas, 18, 38, 138, 178, 198, 218, 278, 298, 238, 518. Answers to, 118, 178, 218, 298, 338, 378, 478, 498, 518.
Event, singular, 227.
Exeter cathedral, Mr. G. Lipscombe's description of, 481.

F.

Fancy, the powers of, 124.
Female character, Dr. Horne's picture of it as it should be formed, 232.
Ferris, Captain, his narrative of the loss of the Hannibal, of 74 guns, 228.
Fisherman and his wife, the, 377.
Forester, a printer, by Miss Edgworth, 471, 501.

G.

Garratt, Mr. his remarks on the necessity of reducing the high price of provisions, 445.
Garrick, Mr. account of his retirement from the stage, and the subsequent part of his life, by Mr. Murphy, 101.
Gibraltar, natural history of the rock of, 401.
Giant's causeway, description of the, 73.
Giants, remarks on, 376.
Great Britain, Mr. Capper's meteorological observations applicable to, 352.
Greece, particulars respecting, 475.

Grose,

Groſe, Judge, his ſpeech when he paſſed ſentence on J. C. Weſt for a fraud, 451.

H.

Harveſt, on the abundance of the, 215.
Hibernian eloquence, 77.
Honeſty, remarkable inſtance of, 315.
Hopes and diſappointments, on, by Dr. Blair, 75.
Hours, Italian method of reckoning them, 145.
Huntſman, picture of the, 457.
Hutchinſon, ſhort account of General, 137, 344.

I.

Infancy, on the ſenſations of, 517.
Integrity, ſingular inſtances of, 356.
Iron works at Abergavenny, deſcription of, 5.
Italica, deſcription of the ruins of, 254.

J.

Jews, on the cruel uſage they received in former times, 205.
Juries, Mr. Barrington's obſervations on, 193.
Juſtine and Roſina, an affecting incident, 221.

K.

Kenyon, Lord, his impreſſive charge to the capital convicts at Eſſex aſſizes, 117.
Knillian games, at St. Ives, account of their celebration, 108.
Kotzebue, his dedication to his play, called "The Natural Son," 12.

L.

Lakes, in Ireland, extracts from Holmes's tour to them, 284.
Latham Houſe, account of the gallant defence of it by the Counteſs of Derby, 175.
Leproſy, remarks on the, 57.
Lilbon, ſketch of the ſoil round that city, 194.
Lofft, Mrs. her character, by her huſband, Capel Lofft, Eſq. 312.
London, account of its improvements, particularly of the intended bridge of one arch, of 600 feet ſpan, 81, 101.
London tranſport, account of its loſs, 15.
Ludicrous notice, 76.

M.

Machiavel, obſervations on, 376.
Madeira, account of, 268.
Madrid, account of, 122.
Malkin Tower witches, on the, 215.
Maiquerades, hiſtorical and moral reflections on, 261.
Matrimonial ring, the, 27.
Maury, account of Cardinal, 144.
Milton Abbey, Mr. Lipſcombe's deſcription of, 441.
Miſers, the contending, 136.
Money, on counterfeit, 317.
Money, on the changes in its value, 357.
Montague, memoirs of Mrs. 153.
Monteiquieu, his own portrait of himſelf, 413.
Morris, memoirs of Valentine, 65.
Moſcow, account of the late coronation there, 429.
Mountain finch, deſcription of the, 196.
Mozart, account of that celebrated muſician, 165.
Mucruſs Lake, deſcription of its proſpects, 326.

N.

Naſh, Beau, Dr. Oliver's account of, 85.
Nelſon, Lord, account of his naval career. 241.
Newton, hiſtory of Colonel, 9.
North America, extracts from the Duke de la Rochefoucalt Liancourt's travels there, 88.

O.

Oyſters, natural hiſtory of, 417.
Orthography, ſpecimens of, 197, 477.

P.

Paper mill, account of the firſt, 477.
Paris, ſketch of its manners, 392. of its faſhions, 495.
Parker, Captain E. T. tribute of reſpect to his memory, 288.
Parma, memoirs of the Duke of, 1, 24.

Paul,

Paul, curious particulars relative to the Emperor, 503.
Peace, deſirable conſequences of the, 136.
Perdu, Mount, account of a journey to its ſummit, by Citizen Ramond, 307.
Peterſburgh, extracts from Storck's picture of, 341, 369.
Pick and chuſe, 155.
Pignatelli, memoirs of Prince, 447. 461.
Pilate, character of Leontia, 147.
Plymouth-Dock, ſplendid proceſſion there on account of the peace, 386.
Politics, general review of, 28, 113, 212, 288, 390, 468.
Population of England and Wales, ſtate of, 69.
Portugal, preſent ſtate of its trade, 93.
Portugueſe juſtice, inſtances of, 423.
Pouſſin, character of, 275.

Q.

Quakers, their yearly epiſtle, 32.
Queen, on her prerogatives, 77.
Queſtions, 57, 127, 217, 297, 357, 417, 517. Anſwers to, 97, 157, 237, 317, 397, 477.

R.

Raphael, Mr. Fuſeli's character of him, 192.
Rebuſes, 18, 38, 58, 98, 118, 158, 178, 218, 238, 258, 298, 358, 378, 398, 418, 438, 458, 498, 518. Anſwers to, 38, 58, 118, 138, 158, 178, 218, 238, 278, 298, 358, 378, 398, 418, 438, 458, 518.
Recovery, an extraordinary, 53.
Red Lion Inn, at Sittingbourn, remarkable inſcription there, 397.
Reflections, 26, 37, 96, 136, 196, 216, 356, 397, 456, 496.
Regularity in the conduct of life, on its great importance, 37.
Remark, ſingular, 191.
Reply, a cool, 37.
Retort, an unexpected, 156.
Royal Academy, account of the exhibition there for 1801, 49.
Royal regulations, 177.
Rubens and Rembrandt, Mr. Fuſeli's character of them, 333.

S.

Sable, account of the late ſettlement there, 514.
Sailing on land, or a humourous equeſtrian diſaſter, 135.
Saint David, on the offerings at his ſhrine, 445.
Saw, one in a ſingular ſituation, 156.
Scalping, account of, 374.
Science of life, on the, by Robert Burns, 156.
Scotſman's tale, the, 289, 301, 329.
Sonnenburgh, deſcription of, 161.
Stanza, a popular one well applied, 135.
Strangers, on hoſpitality to, 96.
Suicide, horrible inſtance of, 381.
Swediſh language, remarks on the, 293.
Swings, account of the Ruſſian amuſement of, 194.
Sykes, Sir C. character of the late, 311.

T.

Times, on the hardſhips of the, 44.
Tippoo Saib, particulars reſpecting his hunting eſtabliſhment, 334.
Trials, intereſting, 104, 185, 226, 363, 489.
Toad-eater, Mrs. Robinſon's character of a, 421.
Trinidad, account of, 322.

V.

Vanity and haughtineſs, on, 517.
Verſes. Edward and Angelina, 19. lines addreſſed to fancy, on the abſence of Celia, 20. ſtanzas to the memory of Sir Ralph Abercromby, ibid. inſcription deſigned for a village ſpring, ibid. on the death of General Abercromby, 39. ode to the roſe, ibid. morning, by Mr. C. Strong, 40. lines written by a huſband to his wife, during abſence, on the ſeventh anniverſary of their wedding, 59. a memento of fraternal eſteem, addreſſed to Miſs E. B. 60. to Mira, ibid. genius, an ode, by the Rev. Dr. Symmons, 78. to the curlew, by G. England, 80. Wulfhard and Heſtritha, a romance, 99. ſong, from

from the Iriſh, 100. lines addreſſed to a young lady who had been a long time abſent, 100, 139. epigram, 100. Alan & Celia, 119. ſonnet, written at Exmouth, by C. Lloyd, 120. a ſong, by Roy, Martock. ibid. ode to the ſky-lark, by W. Smythe, ibid. elegy on the miſeries of genius, by J. L. Moore, ibid. lines written amidſt the groves of Mount Edgcumbe, 140. the wheat-ear and the farmer's boy, by R. Bloomfield, 159. addreſs to conſtancy, 160. lines written the morning after a ſtorm, ibid. the triumph of medicine, addreſſed to Sir W. Farquhar, Bart. by Dr. Crane, 179. the rural muſe, ibid. mutual love, a ſong, 180. ballad, ibid. elegy, ſuppoſed to have been written on the burying vault of an ancient family, ibid. epitaph on Weltjie, ibid. midnight, 199. lines written on viſiting a romantic, but obſcure hamlet, by W. Caſe, jun. 199. the poplars, by the late W. Cowper, Eſq. Beth-gelert, or the grave of the greyhound, 219. the cloſe of day, by W. Evans, 220. the three travellers, ibid. a thought in affliction, ibid. the complaint, 239. Voltaire and the cottager contraſted, by the late W. Cowper, Eſq. ibid. deſcription of a child purſuing a butterfly, 240. The crazy taylor, 259. ode to the brain, ibid. lines written on the day of marriage, by a daughter, addreſſed to a beloved mother, 260. a tranſlation from Anacreon, ibid. lines addreſſed to St. Michael's Mount, 278. on youth, 279. ſonnet to the memory of the late Mr. Cowper, 280. Sweet Ann, of Market Jew, a new ſong, 299. addreſs to truth, ibid. ode to morning, by T. Adney, ibid. addreſs to the riſing ſun, by T. Taylor, 300. a ſong, ibid. the tomb of Aura, 318. the thought of a wakeful brother, ibid. lines addreſſed to a lady on her leaving England, by T. of Stanmore, 319. on hearing the happy news of peace, 320. epigram, ibid. on friendſhip, 339. the praiſes of ink, 340. Swanſea Bay, ibid. on preſenting a ſenſitive plant to a young lady, ibid. on the death of Captain Parker, by Harriet Walker, 359. addreſs, ſpoken by Mr. Wilmot Wells, on the occaſion of the welcome tidings of peace, ibid. on change, by Mr. Fawcett, 360. a ſong, 379. the village on the hill, ibid. to an unfortunate princeſs, by Peter Pindar, ibid. epigram on an epigram, 380. the Dartmoor cotter, or the widow and her pony, by W. Evans, ibid. on a perſon famous for dullneſs and old proverbs, ibid. the land of Caſhmere, by Mr. I. D'Iſraeli, 399. addreſs to a friend, written after his departure to the Weſt-Indies, by W. Caſe, jun. 400. reflections on life, ibid. lines addreſſed to my heart, 419. to modeſty, ibid. to Flavia, ibid. apoſtrophe to winter, 420. on a watch-ſpring, preſented by a lady to the author, ibid. a thought, from the Perſian, ibid. on the death of an infant, ibid. extract from the Rev. W. L. Bowles's poem on the ſorrows of Switzerland, 439. a reflection, 440. on peace, 459. peace, a ſong, by T. Shoel, ibid. addreſs to Bertha, 460. on time, ibid. on ſolitude, ibid. the prayer of thankſgiving to Almighty God for the late abundant harveſt attempted in verſe, 479. addreſs to Ariadne, ibid. addreſs to Octavia, 480. on ſeeing the bloſſom of a beautiful double-bloſſomed cherry-tree entirely ſhed, 499. lines on the return of a young lady into Devonſhire, ibid. addreſs to an unknown enemy, 500. the moth, ibid. lines written by the Rev. Mr. Dewe, left in a ſummer-houſe, ibid. a thought, ibid. ſolemn reflections, written in a ſleepleſs night, 519. lines on the happy event of peace, by Mr. Fernyhough, ibid.

Vienna,

Vienna, ſketch of, and its inhabitants, 383, 407.
Village ſchoolmaſter, character of, 457.
Viſited, their complaint againſt the viſiters, 246. Oliver Owl's account of his unſucceſsful attempts to eſcape from troubleſome viſiters, 347.
Volcanic iſland, deſcription of one recently formed near Iceland, 171.

W.

Wardour Caſtle, deſcription of, 273.
Water-ſpout, deſcription of a remarkable, 297.
Wedding, old-faſhioned, 496.
Wheat, new machine for blanching, 257.
Wieliſka ſalt mines, deſcription of, 425.
Wiſdom in religious conduct, on, by Dr. Blair, 197.
Woman of faſhion, the, 141, 162, 181.
Woman of demi-ton, the, 453.
Wounds of the heart, on, by Dr. Blair, 176.
Writings, method of reviving ſuch as have been effaced, 171.